

ARTICLE APPEARED
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ADAMS**

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VERNON WALTERS, our new man at the UN, focused his new \$1100 Hasselblad. "I overpaid \$150, but my old one was broken and I was in Tokyo in a hurry," he said. "I wanted to take pictures in Beijing and Xian."

The retired Army general, former deputy director of the CIA, former lots of things including emissary who carried President Nixon's letter to China in '71, said: "Enthusiasm comes from God, y'know. And that's what beats old age."

Fresh from China, Walters shared a lunch with me in Hong Kong. With each course he served up another story. "As a kid I had a skiing accident. I walk with a limp. The Chinese thought I had gout, so I rolled up my pants leg to show them my scar."

Walters, who might be called portly — like real portly — said: "China has this liquid dynamite

**VERNON
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called *mao tais*, and everyone makes you *cambel* — bottoms up. I *cambel'd* my table and my neighbor's table, but when the outlying tables stood up, it was too much. See, I don't drink: I drink only to serve my country. That's why I'm glad I'm fat. My blood supply is so large that it takes a long time for alcohol to impact on me."

As His Easygoing Excellency demolished his entire plate, he said with a grin: "Let it be known I have gained weight in the service of my country."

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